

**BANNED!**  
In 46 Countries!

WAB SCHNABER'S

# VIDEOMANIA!

#2

**FACES OF DEATH II**  
**FACES OF DEATH II** (date unknown)  
(in color)

**PROD:** Rosilyn T. Scott  
**DIR:** Goman Lucilaire  
**SCR:** Alan Black

**Narrator & "Creative Consultant":**  
**Dr. Francis B. GROSS**

Originally, **VIDEOMANIA** was supposed to be called **DRIVE-IN MANIA** or something like that, but when it came time to write the first issue I looked around and sadly accepted the truth. Drive-ins are a dying breed. Rising land costs prohibit a 6 month a year business. Competition from pay-TV services and video movie clubs only hurt. But incredibly unimaginative, inept management is the major culprit of Solasine's drive-in decline.

The **HOLIDAY drive-in** is a prime example. Instead of, say, being the only theater in town to show an exploitation or horror or camp triple bill, it chooses to screen the same Hollywood fare one can see at 5 or 6 indoor houses throughout town. For \$4.00 a shot, you consistently (at least the last 10 years) get the flick projected to you in daylight. After 15 minutes or so, it **STARTS** to get dark.

**CCC drive-in** has radio sound. Great! The only problem is that the hiss, pop, and crackle sounds that emanate from their shifty transmitter forces me back to the old pole speakers everywhere. The **TAMPA** is would be great, but a gigantic lighted Kroger sign blares right into the screen and washes out the picture's contrast (Sunday night's OK, it's the one night it's turned off). The **SOUTH** has, by far, the brightest, crispest picture, and does show its share of exploitation

(in 1984 I saw **THE COMING SHINKERS**, **BLOODSTAINERS**, the very demented David Rees as **THE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PAIR**, Bob Clark's **IT CAME FROM THE GRAVE** (NIGHTMARE), **TWISTED THROAT**, **NIGHT OF THE BOMBS**, Remington's great **BASKET CASE** to name a few) but its Serechet atmosphere reminds me of post-nuclear Hiroshima.



But enough of that. The loss of the drive-in is bitter-sweet because video has more than filled the void. Now one can stake their house into a virtual 42nd Street grishhouse with the hundreds, maybe thousands of horror/exploitation titles on the market. Two extraordinary video releases, for better or worse, are the **FACES OF DEATH** movies.

.....the lights dim...the VHS tape creeps slowly through the deck...the screen's frenetic snowstorm eases into blackness..... you see:

a heart; a beating human heart exposed to the world via open-heart surgery (and the **FACES OF DEATH** candid camera positioned about 2 inches away). The faint thumping grows louder and louder. Out to the weakening, blipping heart monitor. Freeze frame. The heart has stopped.....welcome to **FACES OF DEATH**, a pandering, sickening, ultra-exploitative pseudo-documentary about gore

death, crossed cables, and tragic accidents. Some incidents are actual, some are obviously staged.

If you can handle it, **FACES OF DEATH** provides a perfectly demented night of viewing.

Enter supposed Doctor, Dr. Francis B. Gross (sort of a Johnny B. Goode of gore movies I guess), our host. "Unfortunately, medical science cannot always have success. The moment death occurs, my expertise is called upon. When this organ (he holds up preserved heart for all to see) ceased to function, the result was death, one reality we cannot avoid. I'm Dr. Francis B. Gross. I work as a pathologist, and over the last 20 years, I've compiled a library of the many faces of death. My travels have taken me all over the world, searching for the various situations that have dealt with our ultimate end. I've seen with my own eyes (Criswell like) a myriad of experiences that

have led me to a greater awareness. We have developed a world that refuses to recognize our own destiny. Many years ago, I was plagued with a recurring dream...." With that over with, on with the gore:

**DEE!** An actual **AUTOPSY**. Not only is the kind Doctor nice enough to explicitly pick through all the individual organs, he saws off the skull and extracts the brain. For a bonus, watch him peel the facial skin off the cadaver so we know what a faceless, bloody head looks like. Of course, not to be rude, he replaces the poor guy's face.

**WYNNER!** The electrocution of some poor sap who killed a little old lady for some petty cash. As usual, the camera dwells on the corpse. The static lens never flinches as the soon to be dead's eyes are taped shut, so they don't pop out during the execution. Eiling is non-existent as his body is overtaken by electricity. As his frame contorts and trembles, blood streams from his eye sockets; foam and spittle apex revoltingly from his mouth. At first, I thought this scene to be fake. After it ended my mind was changed by the fact that



**THE WHO-BUDGET COMPIGATION** probably didn't afford an actor who could up-size an execution THAT GOOD? I couldn't bring my life on it, but I think it was real.

**WASHED YOUR MIND?** As the Doc tries to pull off an obviously fake, staged animation of some great World Statesman, as the real thing. I've seen worse real stuff on the nightly news.

**PUTT!** As we watch some obscure jungle women get into an ancient corpse root solution for fermentation purposes, and then drink it. Ugh!

**BRISTLE!** As police cameras bring us into a suburban ex-household where Mike Lawrence, the dad, went berserk and slaughtered his family. See the bloody corpse strewn about the kitchen. This time the real sickening thing.

**WATCH!** The fanatical Moslems once again leave their fellow man wracked as **FACES OF DEATH's** camera captures an isolated, desert decapitation. Once again, the real thing.

**LAPOR!** As we witness the carry build-up of a newsmen and local residents trying to corner an escaped alligator. The faked footage ends with the broadcaster getting chopped.

**CHWENT!** As we watch a group of hippies, but ugly Americans dine on the dirt-table street, monkey brains. What seems to be another fake scene turns out to be grotesquely real. And the plan's laughter and cackle are close-ups of the monkey getting its head stuffed through a hole in a table. Then the sickness begins. The two men, armed with hammers, beat the monkey savagely until it's dead (the editing gets around any actual strikes). For the fruits of their labor, they pick out the brain and eat it. Credit is given to one lady who refuses to eat it.

**BECOME VEGETARIAN!** As we are taught the fine art of koshering. Bear Doc intones, "One of the more grotesque slaughter techniques is the method of koshering. Blessed by a rabbi then slaughtered by his hand (in the film he looks more like a regular old meatpacker) the animal bleeds to death. This is said to be a purifying process, but as the cow choked on his own blood, I can only feel pity." He too. And, yea, it is shown in sickening detail.

**ONE!** As once again we are audience to the senseless killing of animals. It's presented with the sympathy style footage that you probably have already seen.

**BE FOOLED!** Into believing you are seeing an actual Devil-Cult ripping open a corpse's abdomen and eating

all the internal organs. Watch drug induced actors rub and chew kidneys while performing some sacrilegious rituals. Fake, but still not for the squeamish.

**SKEPT!** While idiotic snake-swallowers try to convince you that 3 is far way in right.

**NEVER FLY AGAIN!** **FACES OF DEATH's** camera once again brings us up close and personal, this time, to the tragic San Diego T27 mid-air collision. If you've ever wondered just what a human body looks after an air accident, look no further. One of my most vivid memories of FOD is the ballooned-up wreckage looking remains of the crash victims. Unreal!

**THILL!** To the inept stuntman who crashes head on into a ramp but unbelievably lives.

**STUCKLE!** At the stupid stuntman who tries to turn his car into a rocket so he can vault miles through the air and break Beethoven's record. Of course he doesn't come close.

By now you get the idea. Ingenious exploitation doesn't have to be good, but it always has to be sensational. Obviously MPI (the releasers of these movies) made a killing at video box-office (no pun intended) because a third feature, **OF THE DEAD**, is slated to be released shortly. It promises scenes of actual body dissections and stab wound victims being treated by paramedics.

These films are of the sick, for the sick, and by the sick. A real treat for goreaholics. So when make believe is just not enough.....



**VIDEOMANIA** encourages your correspondence. Write to **VIDEOMANIA**, 2808 Allegheny Ave. Columbus, Ohio 43209

**WHEN MAKE BELIEVE IS JUST NOT ENOUGH!**

# FACES OF DEATH

## Part III

CAUTION: IF THE BRUTAL AND EXPLICIT DEPICTION OF ACTUAL DEATH UPSETS YOU, PLEASE DO NOT VIEW THIS FILM

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Next Issue, SUBSIDIARY.

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